

# Real Talk

## Anna Lunoe & Touch Sensitive

[Trae] Yeah, real talk for my niggaz on the block  
I been wrecking for a second, but I promised that I wouldn't stop  
I been in it with my niggaz, for a long time  
But they gotta give it to me, cause they know I wouldn't drop  
Same nigga, with the flow  
Same nigga that'll spin a nigga's ass up, throw his ass in the trunk  
I'm a representative, for the Assholes  
Try to run up on me, I'll teach a nigga how to stunt  
Southwest, you better get your hands up  
'Fore I send a wave of niggaz, that'll hit your man's up  
While you wanna-be thugs, better pull your pants up  
Then the shit, hit the fan  
Then I fuck, your fans up  
These niggaz, really got a nigga fucked up  
Hating motherfuckers, I'll show you what the beef is  
Show you niggaz how to lose teeth, keep running off at the mouth  
And I can show you niggaz, what the sleep is  
Better give it up, when you hear the name Trae  
When I hit the block in black, your ass better pray  
Tell the five in the hood, I don't play  
And I got more niggaz, in the slugs  
In the tip, of a K  
And I run with the C's, and the B's on the block  
And the G's, and few B.D.'s on the block  
And I kept it real, so I got the keys to the block  
I'm a gangsta, they don't make these on the block  
I'll put it on the pack, and I'll ride for it first  
Nigga jump, gonna be the first nigga that'll slide for it  
They don't wanna see me in a zone, when I try for it  
Any real nigga, stand up and get an eye for it  
Cause I'm oh so real, though homie  
And I'm next in the line, finna show the world what it was  
H-Town, till the death

Intuition of a nigga named Pac, finna let it rain for the thugs  
[Trae] Somebody better give me the crown, these niggaz out of line  
And I see, I gotta put 'em in they place  
Everyday it be the same old shit, I gotta click on a bitch  
I don't really, wanna pay another case

Whey they niggaz wanna try a nigga, like a nigga soft than a bitch  
I'll lean on a nigga, like Boss on a switch  
Better chill, 'fore I get to going off on a bitch  
Lace the Nike's, and break a nigga jaw in this bitch  
Everybody, wanna know about the South  
But I promise, you niggaz'll wanna take another route  
A.B.N., fin to hit a nigga's ass in the drought  
In the town right now, (no doubt)  
If you got a problem with Trae, let's get it on  
Iggy on lock, so I'm back in a zone still packing the chrome  
I was late for the hood, so I'm bad to the bone  
Since I roll on the block, it's half of the bone  
Shit just got wrong, you can hear it in my tone  
(I'm pissed), but I'm still moving along  
Yeah Jay?Ton, still grooving along  
So the niggaz in the blue, got love for the Home  
For the H, and the West state  
I'll put it on a nigga, in the worst way  
That'll be your worst day, and I put it on Trae  
Motherfuckers better get in a line, or the dirt where you gon lay  
This right here, for my nigga named Nick  
In a hospital bed, half gone  
I'll run up on a bitch nigga, who that out that shout out  
Feel I gotta hit his ass, with the chrome  
Nothing less, R-E-S-T-L-E double S  
Stress, got a nigga on amp  
So I got mob for life, like 24/7  
And I promise, I'm about to be the champ

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>